We will beſtow our ſelues; read on this Booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lowlineſſe; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar ore
The Deuill himſelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To die to ſleepe
No more: and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleep,
To ſleep, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come?
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th' oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himſelfe might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd Countrie, from whoſe borne

No

3 Lowlines 10 ongly
31 The pangs of despizid Love the Lawes delay
34 When he himselfe

No traueller returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe ils we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of reſolution
Is ſickled ore with the pale caſt of thought,
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
VVith this regard their currents turne awry,
And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. VVhat meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, you ſhould admit
diſcourſe to your beautie.

Ophe. Could beautie my Lord haue better commerce
Then with honeſty?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transform
honeſtie from what it is to a Baud, then the force of honeſty c
tranſlate beautie in his likeneſſe, this was ſometime a Paradox
but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot
cuacuate our old ſtock, but we ſhall relliſh of it: I loued you no

Oph

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